

Playroom

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Summary

Satsuki's put her sword away, but her past still haunts her. Ryuko/Satsuki. One-shot.

Author's note: Someone's probably already written this, and done it better. To that person I apologize. Trigger warning: child abuse and shit. Enjoy:

Satsuki has an entire room full of toys, but she doesn't feel like playing at all today. Soroi told her that a bad thing happened to Daddy today, and he isn't coming home. She yelled and she cried, and she begged him to make Daddy stop hiding and come back to the Kiryuin mansion—it's six o' clock, he's always home by now to play dolls with her—but Soroi said Daddy isn't hiding, he got hurt and had to go to the hospital and might not come back for a long, long time. He wouldn't call the hospital and make them bring Daddy back, either—he just hugged her tightly and said that her father loved her no matter what. So since he wasn't any help, Sastuki went and sat by the window and tried as hard as she could to see the nearby highway, and yelled for Daddy to come back if he could hear her, but one of the maids took her away from there before she saw him, and now she has to sit in her playroom, all alone.

Satsuki tries as hard as she can not to cry very often, because everyone tells her that she needs to be a big, strong girl someday, and strong girls don't cry. But no one's here to see her—she made all the servants that came in to try to comfort her go away—so she supposes it's okay if she cries a little, as long as it's not too much. She grabs her biggest, fluffiest white teddy bear, Miki, from her bed and buries her face in its tummy, sniffing a little. After a minute, when she realizes no one's watching, she lets herself cry a little bit more, and then starts to sob, thinking about everything nice that she doesn't get to have. She didn't get a baby sister—she could have, but Mother threw her away before she could even say goodbye to her—and now she doesn't get to see her daddy anymore. Why does everybody she loves have to go away?

There's a soft knock on the door, and Satsuki wipes her face and throws Miki to the side. An older maid with a wrinkly face, Hisoka, steps into the pink-and-yellow playroom and says politely, "Miss Satsuki?"

"I don't wanna play right now," Satsuki says, blinking away her tears and trying to keep her voice even. Suddenly, looking around at all the stuffed bunnies and kitties, the dollhouses, the dress-up closet, the china dolls lining the wall, she hates all the stuff in this room. If Daddy can't play with her toys with her anymore, then they're just useless pieces of junk, and she doesn't want to look at them.

"Lady Ragyo is here to see you," she says, and bows as Mother walks in, wearing one of her white gowns, her rainbow hair casting rays of colors all around the room. Sastuki bows, Hisoka exits and Mother sits on the bed next to her.

"Mother, don't you have to wear a black dress today?" Satsuki asks, determined to distract her from her stuffy nose and pink cheeks. Everyone else in the house is wearing black, and the servants made her put a black dress on earlier.

Mother shakes her head. "Not today, daughter. Today is not a day of mourning. Today marks a new era for the Kiryuins."

“But... what about Daddy? Aren't you sad about him?” Sastuki asks, her eyes wide. Did she... did Mother hurt Daddy like she did to her baby sister? Daddy told her about what happened—was he trying to tell her that Mother was going to hurt him too?

“I see no reason to be,” Mother says, and she smiles. “I understand that you mourn, but your father was doing us no good. He was bringing us down, sabotaging our experiments. He was useless to our cause. Without him, we can proceed with what we need to do. Do you understand what we're doing, Satsuki? We're going to change the world. We're going to make the world into a beautiful, beautiful place. Don't you want us to be able to do that, dear?”

“Yes, Mother,” she says obediently, although on the inside, she's furious. There's nothing beautiful about what Mother's doing. She just wants to hurt and kill people, there's nothing beautiful or honorable about that. “Liar, filthy liar,” races through her head, and she fights hard to keep her face straight.

“So there's no need to be sad,” Mother says firmly. “You don't need to wear those mourning clothes. Let me take those off for you.” She swiftly reaches over and pulls Satsuki's dress over her head, leaving her only in her underwear, shivering; Mother gently pushes her down so she's lying on her back, and sits above her. “We have a lot of work to do now, daughter,” she says, stroking her hair and her face and then running her finger down her side. “We need our minds to be ready for what is ahead. Let me purify you. You need to be prepared for what I need you to do.” Her hand slips lower, her fingers wandering between her legs. “I have a lot of plans for you, Satsuki.” And she smiles, even wider than before, and Satsuki's mind starts to race. Daddy's not here anymore, he can't protect her, he can't make Mother stop. She's actually doing it this time—oh, it hurts, it hurts—make it stop, Daddy, please, make it stop—

Satsuki's eyes fly open, and it takes her a full few minutes to realize that she's in her bed now, not her playroom, and Mother's gone. She looks around, making absolutely sure that the darkened walls around her aren't part of the Kiryuin house, and then, realizing that she's cold and covered in sweat, wraps herself in her quilt and burrows back under the sheets. She feels motion next to her, and then a groggy face rises from the other pillow. “Whazza— Sis? That you?” Ryuko slowly sits up, running her fingers through her tangled blue hair, and rubs her eyes. “God, it's like, 3 A.M. I know it's not time for school yet.”

Satsuki shakes her head. “It isn't.”

“I knew it,” her sister groans. “Dammit. Is Mako at the door again?” Their friend has found lots of occasions in the past to show up at their house late at night, only one of which has been even remotely urgent.

“No,” Satsuki tells her. “It's not...” She trails off.

“I swear, if she comes running here and raids the fridge one more time, I'll—” Ryuko looks at her, and her voice softens when she sees the look on her face. “Did you have another nightmare?” She shakes her head. “No, you did,” Ryuko says. She lies back down and snuggles up to her big sister, wrapping her arms around her midsection and resting her head on her shoulder. “Don't lie to me, sis.”

Sastuki closes her eyes; tears are still pooling up from her dream, but she smiles at the feeling of Ryuko's soft embrace. "It's just... I didn't want to bother you."

"You're not," Ryuko whispers. "You're not, don't worry. I know it's tough." Sastsuki nods, pulling her sister closer and hugging her tightly, making sure she won't go anywhere. "You know, when I killed that Ragyo bitch," (she refuses to refer to her as anything else) "I wasn't doing it just for me. Nobody hurts my nee-chan. 'Cause I'll beat the shit out of 'em." She looks up and smiles, and Satsuki can't help but return it.

They lie together under the quilt and tangled sheets for a little while, listening to the crickets outside their window and keeping their eyes closed in the darkness. It feels like they're lying there together for much longer than it probably is and, without any words needed, both of them slip their fingers under the blankets and love each other for a little while, muffling their quiet moans with pillows. When they're both exhausted and the sheets are soaked, they stay together, falling into a peaceful sleep again. Satsuki doesn't have any more nightmares. She knows she's safe this time, with her real family, and no one can ever hurt her again.

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